



JANUARY 1921  
**SENIORS**



PRESIDENT



SAMUEL RASHEY

SECRETARY



LOUISE STEEG

VICE-PRESIDENT



RAMONA BERTRAM

TREASURER



STEPHEN M. BADGER

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS



LEE DEVANE FOX

JAN. '21

AIM-ASPIRE-ACHIEVE

CLASS OFFICERS

WILL-MAKER



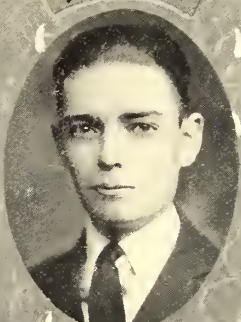
FORT J. KOONS

WILL-MAKER



FERN WACHSTETTER

HISTORIAN



ELBERT C. STOW

PROPHET



JOHN TRIBBY

SONG-WRITER



GERTRUDE FREE

POET



ELSA MAE FLANNAGAN





Burriss Adams

Julia Ade...

Katharine Ahern

Earl Ahl

Ruth Esther Amos

Russell Andrew

Ruth Bates

Schuyler Blue

Carroll Bonnell

Katherine Boothby

Louie Breedlove

Madge Breedlove

Frances Bridge

Hugh E. Brown

Leroy Brown

Maurice R. Brown

Irwin Broz

Eugene Buehler

William Campbell

Kenneth Cardwell

Patia Carver

Harry Chambers

Ruby Cobb

Edgar Coffman

Kathryn Colwell





Wesley Coneway

Altha Cook

Frieda M. Cook

Harry B. Corazzi

Mary G. Cowger

Mary Cox

Aimee Cravens

Carl Culman

Wilbur L. Curry

Lewis Dewald

Herbert M. Doll

Geraldine Drayer

Leonard S. Earhart

Ruth Eberhardt

Marjorie M. Evans

Alice Maye Everett

Marjorie Everson

Marie Fehr

Howard W. Fieber

Maurice C. Fiscus

Allen Fisk

Edith Fitzgerald

Nilda P. Frohne

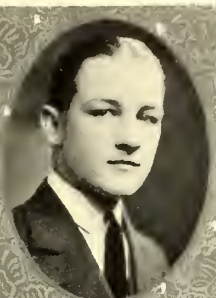
Ruth K. Fromm

Dorothy Gaines





Marian N. Geeves



Harold W. Geisel



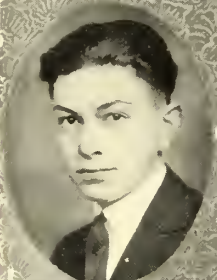
Marie Geisler



Pauline Gellatly



Harry Goldberg



Leon Goldberg



Leo Greenburg



Milton Gross



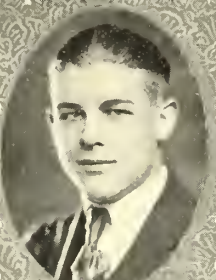
William A. Hackmeyer



John Haines



Scott Ham



Louis Hannebaum



Raymond D. Harris



Eugene Hartman



Jessie Haywood



Dolores Healy



Elizabeth Heinzer



Lenore L. Henkle



P. Granison Hill



Harris Holiday



Roberta Holland



Paul Horan



Maxwell Everett Hasea



Otis Igelman



Glenn Jackson





Clarence Jaleski



Matty V. Jones



Paul O. Jones



Alberta L. Kappeler



William J. Kelley



Katherine L. Kiefer



Howard Kiser



Harriet W. Kistner



Martin Koldyke



Grace Winifred Krick



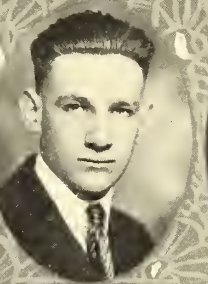
Ruth Krise



Madonna Lathrop



Minna Margaret Lauter



Robert La Vanchy



Thomas Leonard



Alvin R. Light



Norman L. McCready



Anna Margaret McCune



Esther Martin



Louise Maurath



Bonita Nayer



William R. Mead



Faith E. Messick



Edward Meyer



Marian Miller





Francis A Miller

Gladys Mitchell

Dorothy Ann Mueller

Katherine E Mueller

John W. Neff

Marjorie L Nelson

Margaret Newton

M. Stanley Niehaus

Pauline Parks

Mae Patton

Vilora Maude Pock

M.B.

Tino J. Poggiani

Mary Polk

Rolph A Prange

John Clarke Plum

Louise Ramsey

Walter Rea

Monto Reno

George Reynolds

Worth B. Richardson

Frances Riebel

Leslie A. Roberts

Dorothy Robinson

Edward M. Rowe

Marjorie G. Ruch





Lillian Short



Wendell Shulters



John Silver



Minnie Singer



Paul E. Simmons



Tom Slater



Eldred Slaughter



Clara Smith



Charles McLeland Smith



Wilma Sonnesfield



Muriel Sourwine



Earl Spears



McKay Steele



Martha H. Steele



Rudolph Stemfel



Mildred Stilz



Naomi Sunderman



Francis Sutton



Bernadine Towles



Paul F. Tiece



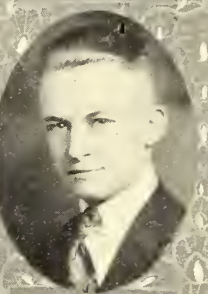
Alys Tunstall



Fred M. Voelker



Josephine M. Vogt



E. Carroll Warrick



Ruth Waterman





Frances Weidner



Constance West



Helen Weyer



Lester A. Whitsit



Clarence O. Wilson



Ruth Wingenroth



Mary Winney



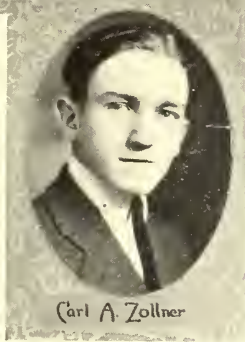
Robert L. Wolfe



Frances Yount



Mary C. Ziegler



Carl A. Zollner

JANUARY 1921



### History

Deep down in our hearts, where, during the past four years it has unconsciously imbedded itself, there is an undying love which we will bear in our after life for our school and its cher-

ished traditions. Four short years have passed since we first climbed the stairs of the Arsenal; could that old building but speak, it would relate what we have seen and witnessed during those few months, in somewhat the following manner:

Four years ago, in February, 1917, the charter members of this class enrolled in this school, the second class to enter since Technical had, by the decision of the Supreme Court, become a recognized and permanent high school, May 22, 1916; a day which has ever since been celebrated by the class and the school as Supreme Day. As a class they had great prospects, the future held much in store for them since they entered at a period when Technical was beginning her growth and expansion. The Annex had just been completed and on March 13, 1917 the mess hall in the Barracks was deserted for the new Lunch Room. Then came the war. Flags were waving everywhere and soon our present flag pole, the tallest in the city, and the third to be erected on the present site since the founding of the Government Arsenal, was erected.

Summer passed, and part of the fall, before we began another school term. It was November before the new semester began as the campus had become the home of many of Uncle Sam's soldiers during the past vacation. The remainder of the class, who entered at this time, were handicapped from the start as they were sophomores before they had really caught the spirit of the school. However, they did catch the spirit of the relief work for the war orphans of Belgium and France. Four orphans were adopted and supported. Those of the class who had their roll rooms in the Annex will remember the little boy and the little girl who received the benefit of their pennies.

Spring came, and found us a class that had found itself and the groove into which it fitted.

No longer were we awed by the upper classmen and it was our turn to shout "freshie" at the braids and short trousers that the new term had brought us.

Another summer and vacation swiftly passed; September saw us back at our posts. The boys found a mysterious M. T. on their study slips and the girls, too, found new fields of endeavor. Then, almost as suddenly as the war itself, came the signing of the Armistice, November 11, 1918, which was a signal for the whole world to celebrate.

With the return of March winds and May flowers came plans for a Greater Tech, plans which when realized will make this, our school, not only, not less, but greater, better, and more beautiful than all others.

The increased membership and activities of the drill corps soon attracted the attention of the War Department and soon our high school cadets became a part of the Reserve Officers Training Corps. A summer camp for the training of cadet officers was established at Camp Custer, Michigan, and a number of our members spent six weeks of their summer vacation in training for commissions.

The turning of the leaves and the shortening days brought us back to finish our Junior year and with the new year we passed on into the last stage of our journey through high school. An eventful semester was that of June '20; it brought Tech the sectional basketball and track honors, and first place in baseball. Not only this but a team composed mostly of our fellow class members won the Rotary Club music banner with a percentage of ninety-eight and nine-tenths; another of our classmates won the first leg on the golf cup for Tech.

Now came the first step in the carrying out of the plans for the Greater Tech. Ground was broken and the corner-stone of a new building, the Arts Building, was laid. Construction did not end here for it was time for the class to organize in order to assume the leadership of the student body more easily. With President Bates of the June '20 class as chairman we held our election of officers. Samuel Ashby became the heir to Mr. Bates' gavel and Ramona Bertram was selected to be his understudy. Louise Steeg was elected to secretary's responsibilities and Stephen Badger, to assume the financial obligations of the class, while Lee Fox became the Sergeant-at-arms.

With the class organized, we turned our attention and interests toward the production of the pageant of "The History of Technical". This pageant, written by Miss Shover, told in pantomime, the entire history of Technical. Participating in it were a great number of our



class members.

Under our class officers we began our last semester. More officers were soon elected, however, when the class elected Fort J. Koons and Fern Wochstetter to write the will; John Tribby, the prophecy; and Elbert G. Stow, the history; and chose Elsa Mae Flannagan and Gertrude Free, respectively, poet and song writer.

Cerise and steel we chose as our colors with the cerise sweet peas as the class flowers. As a motto we chose "Aim, aspire, achieve," a motto that we feel we have in truth fulfilled.

Football season, the first in twelve years, came and when it left, found Tech on top, the the winner of the city championship and the cup that went with it. In order to receive this cup properly, Technical made her primary appearance before the public as a school and received the cup on the Monument Circle.

The Arts Building has been almost completed, new shops are in the process of construction, and our class and everything connected with it have been a huge success. What more could we ask for Tech?

We have traced this class from the time it entered Technical to the time when it is about to leave; we have traced it over a period which has seen Tech come to the front in athletics as well as in academic and vocational instruction and increase her enrollment nearly two thousand. We now leave it at the gate; a gate whose stone posts have supported the standard of the school for nine years; may we support for nine times nine years, the banner of the Arsenal Technical Schools.

Elbert G. Stow,  
Class Historian.



### Class Song

When we have left you, dear old Tech,

When down your paths we'll stroll no more  
Then in our mem'ries we'll come back

Just as we did in times of yore;  
And though our hearts are filled with tears  
With smiles we'll leave you here for years.

And now we bid farewell, dear Tech,

To all of us you seemed like home;  
For we were always happy, Tech,

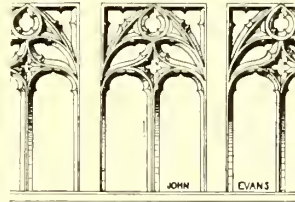
When thru your woods we used to roam.  
And so, forever and a year,  
We'll hold our Tech forever dear.

Chorus:-So now we bid farewell to you,

Our class of Twenty-One;  
And to our class we'll be true

In years to come.

Gertrude Free.  
Class Song-Writer.



### The Last Will and Testament

In accordance with their most high appointment the Will-Makers for the January '21 Graduating Class of the Arsenal Technical Schools do hereby submit this manuscript as

the Last Will and Testament of that Class.

The Class as a whole leaves their earnest endeavor, which they used to the utmost, in order that this school's standing might never be lowered but always, thru striving, be sent on upward, to the remaining students that they may add their "bit" to the great cause.

What they have graciously left behind of the buildings and campus, the bewildered faculty, and the East Michigan Car Line, the Class as a whole leaves to their successors, the June '21 Class, with the expectation that the said successors make as great impressions on said subjects as have their illustrious predecessors.

The care and attendance of all Freshies is left to the Juniors and Sophomores with the stern request that they (the Freshies) be at all times made mindful of their social position.

And as individual mention is in order:-

Samuel Ashby (the laziest man on earth) to Raymond Ridge.

His very noticeable "Lightning Express" movements, exhibited in his extremely dizzy, daily whirl of life.

Julia Ade (Judy) to Betty Burgess.

Her strict guardianship over dear little Jimmy Freeman.

Francis Bridge to Betty Foxworthy.

Her sunny disposition to be radiated at all times; it was so successfully done by her.

Katherine Boothby (Ickie) to Harriet Kaylor

Just bushels of things; not that she particularly needs them, but as they may serve her as they served Ickie in bygone days; especially a "Book on the Art of Gracefulness" prepared by the artful Louise Ramsey.

Harry Chambers (Caruso) to Hobby.

A liberal portion of his operatic voice stretching bray, so charmingly demonstrated in Pinafore.

Patia Carver (Pat), Daisy Folkert

Seven weekly passes (out of date) to the downtown movies, and one battered card to Stewart's Circulating Library, which is under the supervision of the Honorable McKay Steel. Geraldine Drayer (Jerry), Mary Spencer

Her extensive knowledge on "Why is a Canoe?" even tho' we believe Mary has her own ideas.

Paul Hill (Fuzzy), Karl W. Fischer.

His rare and much treasured pamphlet "How I Reduced My Height;" also his stilts.

Alberta Keppler to Louise Harris.

Ever after the evening performance of the Class play "the laziest man on earth". Congrats. Minna Margaret Lauter (Mickey) to Johnny Moore.

John's Sam Brown belt, his Culver ring, and a certain Decem pin, and her greatest volume and life work "How I did it on the Stage."

Thomas Leonard (Tom) to George Smith.

That famous "Checkered gamblin' suit." Francis Miller (Fran) to Dean Brossman.

His splendid facial scenery.

Dorothy Ann Mueller (Dot), Emily Biegler.

Her habit of getting to class just on time.

Katherine Mueller (Katy) to Julia Beecher.

Four and nine tenths Hershey's bars (a legacy to Katy from Grace Hoffman of June, 20, on condition that Julia divide it with Mrs. R. A. Anderson.)

Tingo Poggiani (Tino) to Armand Hammond

All his chances for the acquirement of "D's" in the future.

Ralph Prang (Prang) to Herman Lieber.

A branch of his "line o' Bull" achieved thru correspondence courses with Eugene Buehler. John Tribby (Tribby) to Bruce Sillery.

John's latest pamphlet on "Vamping as Done by Brigham Young."

Carroll Warrick (Hac) to Shidler Harpe.

All the by-ways, methods, and other means, for "makin' em shine", particularly leather puttees.

Leonard Earhart (Doc), Neal Carter.

A brand-new, second-hand history, hoping that Neal will at least be able to complete the course in, ah, let me see, well, we'll leave the matter of time to Neal.

Otis Igelman (Otie) to Emma Hurst.

His one string Cigar Box Jazzola, said to have been made while a Freshie in Wood-working I, also the privilege of taking one lesson at the Metropolitan.

Howard Fieber (Phoebe), Harold Mabey

Howard's most expert "touch" on the banjo, gained while at Custer, thru persistent effort-he was never known to be a quitter.

Elsa Mae Flannagan (Tootsy), Maurice

Sweeney.

One Irish Joke Book, claimed to have been in the collection of the Right Rare St. Patrick. Gertrude Free-Hazel Meier.

Her "song-etie" ability, which expended itself in one grand effort, benefiting the Seniors of good old '21; she may now step on the soft pedal.

Ruth Fromm (Rufus), Dorothea Reisner

The pleasant care and custody of Truck King, including a booklet on the "The Care and Feeding of Infants".

Edith Fitzgerald (Mose), Florence Terrell

That dynamic happy-hearted spirit, which Flo (she with the sad face and mournful eyes) sorely needs, alas poor Florence; Mose, you done did your bit toward the posterity.

Lee Fox, Dick Mills

One of the oldest and most complete, and best kept collections of American Government charts in the city, with hearty good cheer at being rid of them.

Pauline Gallatly (Polly) and

Stephen Badger (Steve) To all followers of the "two-heart, one thought movement" their joint work, "A Manuscript on Faithfulness".

Leon Goldberg, Harry Goldberg.

Leon's fair collection of demerits guaranteed to last, a legacy from "Mister Amy".

Raymond Harris, "Hungry Hungate"

His membership card in the Draymen's Union of Bean Blossom.

Leonore Henkle, Harriet Kistner to George Scott.

Their scheme pertaining to the profits realized off the Mill End Sale of Class Colors Monta Reno, Florence Keepers.

All but one of her many "love affairs"

Tom Slater (Slats), Yale Raymond.

Enough of his surplus height to make Yale noticeable on the campus.

Dorothy Gaines (Dot), Josephine Fife.

One queer little giggle to be used only on special occasions.

Marion Miller and Dolores Healy to Josephine Healy

An "Ever-Ready" Smile, a supply of "knows" and several "A+'s."

Frances Yount (Frankie) to Wanda Canfield

Her immense popularity and all those "left-overs" after her Programme has been filled. Lester Whitsitt (Less), Ralph Randall

His proven "ability" (?) for driving one of those bromidic new fangled "horse-less kerridges."

Carle Zollner, Elmer McGillem

Carle's oversized knowledge of hills, lakes, 'n'everthing (Physiography II Class)



Mildred Stiltz, Fred Marschke

This gold-framed motto: "Early to bed and early to rise, eliminates the necessity of tardy slip lies."

Louise Steeg and

R. Bertram (Mona), Art Black

Promise to fill his date book, Art knows his "oats."

Martha Steele (Marti), Katy Gould

Her extraordinarily magnificent genius for paraphrasing in the most truly literary style. Bernadine Towles (Bobby); Katy Nunlist

A second-hand nail file with a book on "How I Did It in Advertising Class," a treatise on the care of the nails.

Paul Triece, John Conley

Rain checks for Aphrodite and one pair of galloping dominoes.

Francis Sutton, Perry Payne

His old worn out Nash so that hereafter Perry will not have to fill his dates by means of the street cars.

Altha Cook, Zenda Bertram

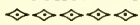
Oh those Vampy ways, eyes, movements, and oh, you know what I mean.

We, trusted Will-Makers, leave our very high place of importance to the favored ones of the June '21 Class; our "turn" at the beanery; all Latin, Math, Physics, books, and our own little mud-holes to whosoever desireth them.

Rudolph Stempfel, our most faithful dog, slave, and assistant wills the Underwood, which he ruined in making the Will readable, to the Typewriting Class.

As the last motion in this tearfully mournful task we do hereby affix our John Henry's.

Fort J. Koons. Fern Wochstetter



### Class Poem

Aim, aspire, achieve,  
And having done so, don't believe  
Your battle won, but raise your goal  
And aim again with heart and soul.

Aim for the summit and gain it  
And when you've attained that height

Don't stop; but fight to sustain it  
And above all make good your fight.

Aim, Aspire, Achieve,

Start upward and strive all the way.  
Till at last you stand on the crest

And look back where you were yesterday.  
Don't think as you look to the future

The things you must do are a task;  
But remember that courage and virtue

Have always lead in the past.

Elsa Mae Flannagan

Class Poet



### The Prophecy

All my life had been spent in perfecting my masterpiece, a "mind machine." One had only to be seated in front of the apparatus, concentrate on any desired subject, turn on the electricity and the past, present and future of that subject would be written on a tape by a swiftly moving stylus. The machine was now completed and ready for its initial trial. I called in my trusty assistant and seated myself before the apparatus; my mind finally became concentrated on the January '21 Graduating Class, and I gently closed the switch. The past, and the present swiftly passed before my eyes and then, miracle of marvels! The following unfolded itself.

Ten years have elapsed.

Samuel Ashby, our illustrious president, is now the American minister to the Fiji Islands.

Ramona Bertram leads the world as the most sensational movie vampire ever filmed. Her latest picture, "The Siren of Pogue's Run," has cinched a place for her in the Hall of Fame.

Roberta Holland is employed by a very prominent New York real estate firm as a collector. She is succeeding rapidly, due to her extensive money collecting experience gained during her high school days.

Bernadine Towle is employed as head manicurist in John Silver's "Tonsorial Barber Shop."

Our daring Julia Ade has taken up aviation. She has won considerable fame making exhibition flights.

William Hackmeyer is now the owner and president of the National Mirror Manufacturing Company, employing McKay Steele as a salesman.

Two of the best patrons of the Hackmeyer Mirror Manufactory are the Hinkle and Kistner line of beauty parlors and the dental parlors of Leonard Earhart who followed the example set by his father, uncles, grandfathers, and great aunt and studied dentistry.

Fort J. Koons being inspired by some member of the class has created a comic character that is even more popular than Boob McNutt.

As a model for his drawings he uses the face and ears of a certain Thomas.

Monta Reno is the chairman of the Anti-Everything League of America. Having already deprived the male population of the country of tobacco and peanuts she is now attempting to take away their privilege of voting.

Rudolph Stempfheld studied music under Otis Igleman for a number of years but the "strain" was too great for him and he is now at a sanitarium somewhere in northern Michigan; Camp Custer, we think.

Pauline Gallatly also studied music and has become one of the greatest singers of all times. She possesses a marvelous bass voice.

Alberta Keppler has married. She is now the happy wife of Abe Martin Jr. of Brown County.

Francis Sutton has opened a dancing academy in Muncie. He has met with great success and intends to install a player piano as soon as he earns five more dollars.

Carroll Warrick is the present golf champion of Marion County. He aspires to extend his championship over at least three more counties during the coming season.

Elbert G. Stow, A. B. P. D. Q. S. O. S. is spending his life in research work. He is now on an expedition to the South Seas searching for the remains of the diethylbarbituricsplhygmomanmetus.

Louise Ramsey may be found any week day and on Saturdays at the hardware counter of the Metropolitan nickle and dime store.

Edith Fitzgerald has invented a tablet for renewing the flavor of second-hand chewing gum. It is in great demand in Frances Bridges' kindergarten class.

Tom Slater is now animal trainer at the Riverside Park Zoo. He has perfected the example method for training animals—Tom sets the example and the animal follows. He has had the most success with monkeys.

Frances Yount and Martha Steel are members of New York's select set. Frances has a beautiful home in Brooklyn while Martha resides in Yonkers.

Paul Trice is the new night clerk at the Lincoln Hotel. Paul always did do his best work at night.

Scott Ham is famed throughout the world as the owner of the fastest racing horse ever known. His stables are the largest in America.

"Call for Mr. Blank," "Call for Mr. Blank." Never mind; it is only Tom Leonard, now resplendent in his uniform and position as head bell boy at the Claypool Hotel.

Howard Feiber thro' persistent effort at Camp Custer and elsewhere, has at last become

the champion banjo strummer in Kokomo. In a recent contest held under the auspices of the Fisk, Volker Music Company he won the first prize, a beautiful, aluminum plated jazzola, an instrument it will take him all next summer to learn to play.

Dorothy Ann Mueller has gone into vaudeville. She comes to the Rialto at least twice every season, sometimes more.

Geraldine Drayer and Katherine Mueller have established a cooking school in Denver. Between them they have cooked a cookie that in time will put the manufacturers of rubber heels out of business.

Tino Poggiani is athletic coach at Yale. Last season he turned out the only All-American "Pitt" team in the country.

Anyone frequenting the allies of Terre Haute will probably see Russell Andrews driving about in a one horse wagon calling, "Rags, rubber, and old iron." It will be remembered that in school, Russ was some little "rag picker".

Elsa Mae Flannagan and Gertrude Free have gone into a partnership and now supply the pleasure seeking public with jazz music and Irish jokes.

Maxwell Hosea is now the sheriff of Posey County, elected on the Farm labor ticket. He and his deputy, Carl Zollner, have just rounded up a band of bootleggers headed by Raymond Harris.

Fern Wochstetter has taken up art and now lives in one of the garrets of Greenwich Village. She is very enthusiastic about the life and work.

Paul Hill, after being disappointed in love, went to California and is now known to the world as the "Hermit of Twin Peaks."

Harris Holliday is head chef at Payne's Busy Bee Number 5, and Louisc Steeg is employed as a waitress at the same place.

Lee Fox and Schuyler Blue are both instructors in military tactics at West Point Military Academy.

Minna Margaret Lauter, after graduating from Vassar, has taken a position as dean of women at the University of California.

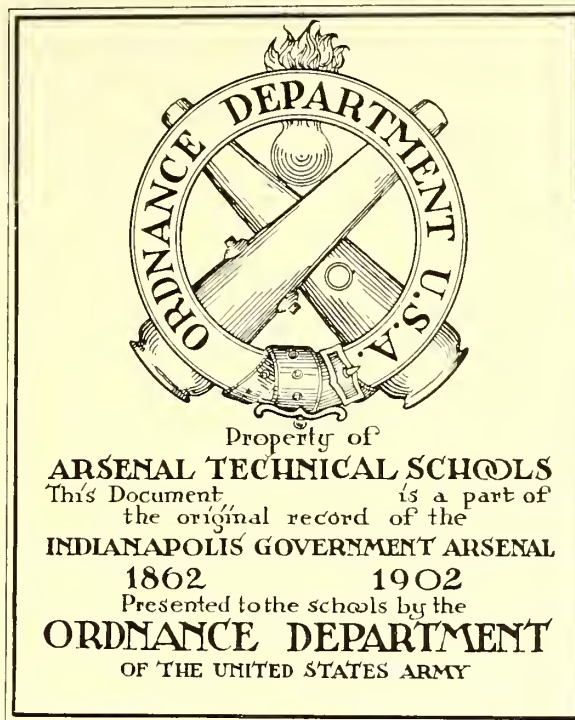
Altha Cook is teaching Latin at the same school.

Stephen Badger has become Chief Justice of the Supreme Court with associate judges Leroy Brown and—

John Tribby has become a—here the machine began to sputter and just as I was about to learn my own fate the stylus tore wildly across the tape, the room was filled with flame and the odor of burning insulation, a terrific explosion rent the air. I swooned. Oblivion.

John Tribby, Prophet





### For Copy of Bookplate for Arsenal Records

When the Government Arsenal, formerly on the Tech grounds, was abandoned, all records of events on the Arsenal Grounds from 1862 to 1902 were packed and sent to the Frankfort Arsenal near Philadelphia.

In 1919 Miss Esther Fay Shover went to Washington, and after receiving permission from government officials, went to the Frankfort Arsenal to examine the records. The records had been stored in an attic and probably had not been disturbed since their arrival there. Miss Shover donned a mechanic's uniform and examined all of the records. She selected twenty boxes of books and documents and a foot shelf of miscellaneous books that contained information on the old arsenal.

The school commissioners made arrangements with Washington officials and the records were returned to the Arsenal in December, 1919. Captain Perry, then our military instructor, inspected the records and suggested re-arrangements. Karl Fischer, Curryer MacCandess and Eugene Buehler have been working with Miss Shover on the re-arrangement of the records, which will be kept in the record room on the second floor of the Arsenal.

The book-plate for the records is the seal for the Ordnance Department and was designed by Miss Vinnorma Shaw of our art department.

# EXCHANGES

## Comments on Papers

"The Plainviewer." A new paper on our exchange list. Interesting and newsy. Excellent for first venture. Come again, P. H. S.



"Madisonian," published by Madison High School. The issue of Oct. 4 contained an excellent editorial on the subject of crooked athletics.

"The Bachelor," a semi-weekly of Wabash College.

Well suited for its purpose. Contains an excellent joke column.

"The Butler Collegian:" We are proud of this weekly published by our own home college. We're with you, Butler!"

"The Trapeze," Oak Park, Ill.

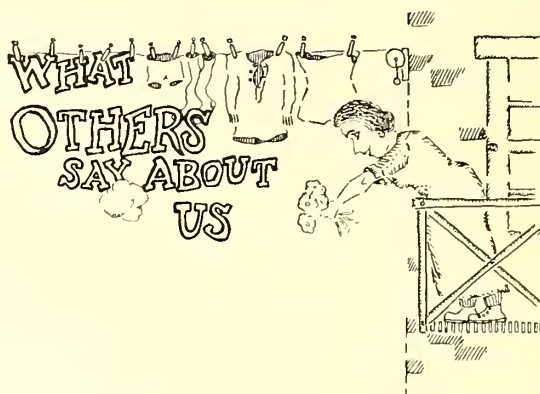
This paper is one of the best weeklies we receive; it has a good joke column and an admirable editorial page. We like the department, "The Spotlight."

"Breezy Bits," Vevay, Ind.

A good paper for school news but how about some more jokes?

"The Comment," Franklin, Ind.

We like your paper because of its school news and editorials but the paper would be better if you had more humorous articles and jokes.



FOR J. KOONS

Yea, reader, here's what the "Hoosier" says about the "Cannon"!

"The 'Arsenal CANNON' makes itself noticeable around our Hoosier room by its clever 'puns,' cuts and sport news." Thanks, "Hoosier!" We felt a lot better after reading that.



And here's what the "Madisonian" says, "Your paper is one of the better class and contains articles of permanent value."

The Madisonian



The Black and White of Sheridan says "Fine paper, call again."



There's a meter iambic,  
There's a meter trochaic,  
There's a mete in musical terms  
But the meter that's sweeter,  
Completer and neater,  
Is to meet her in the moonlight alone.



As Dick was going out one night,  
His mother questioned, "Whither?"  
And Dick not willing to deceive  
With blushes, answered, "with her?"



Oh, mommer, come quick, baby's eatin' all the currents off the fly paper.



### Our Exchanges

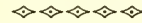
During the life of the "Cannon," the Exchange Department has been an important factor; especially during this last semester has it proved valuable not only to the Exchange editors but also to the editors of the other departments. Our list has grown until we have on our exchange papers not only from the immediate vicinity but from distances as far East as New Jersey and as far West as Washington.

Each paper has been appreciably read and enjoyed, not only by the members of the Staff but also by many of the student body. We have tried to be just in our praises and criticisms; we have accepted with interest any comments on the "Cannon" made by our contemporaries.

We wish to acknowledge the following Exchanges:

"Black and White," Sheridan, Ind.  
 "The Bachelor," Crawfordsville, Ind.  
 "The Franklin," Franklin, Ind.  
 "The Centralian," Evansville, Ind.  
 "North Central News," Spokane, Wash.  
 "The O. H. S. Exponent," Orleans, Ind.  
 "Ravelings," Decatur, Ind.  
 "Survey," Marion, Ind.  
 "The Madisonian," Madison, Ind.  
 "X-Ray," Anderson, Ind.  
 "Stone City Student," Bedford, Ind.  
 "The News," East Orange, N. J.  
 "Butler Collegian," City.  
 "The Chronicle," Niagara Falls, N. Y.  
 "The Linotype," Moline, Ill.  
 "The Sphinx," Centralia, Ill.  
 "The Rileyan," Greenfield, Ind.  
 "The Libertonian," Liberty, Ind.  
 "The Purple and White," Auadarks, Okla.  
 "The Comment," Franklin, Ind.  
 "The Stylus," Parkville, Missouri.  
 "Shortridge Daily Echo," City.  
 "The Records," Louisville, Ky.  
 "The Tabard," New Milford, Conn.  
 "Taylor University Echo," Upland, Ind.  
 "The Polytechnic," Troy, N. Y.  
 "The Spotlight," Ft Wayne, Ind.  
 "The Trapeze," Oak Park, Ill.  
 "Breezy Bits," Vevay, Ind.  
 "The Spectator," Louisville, Ky.  
 "Missoula," Missoula, Montana.  
 "The Hoosier," Rockville, Ind.  
 "The Red and Blue," Martinsville, Ind.  
 "The Echo," Dupont, Ind.  
 "The Munsonian," Muncie, Ind.  
 "Block and Type," City.  
 "The Blotter," New Albany, Ind.  
 "The Exponent," Lafayette, Ind.

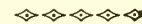
„Blue and White," Trinidad, Colo.  
 "The Topic," Jeffersonville High School.  
 "The Plainviewer," Plainville High School.  
 "The Hoop-pole Junior," Mount Vernon High School.  
 "The Anvil," East Chicago High School.  
 "The Skyrocket," Lowell, Indiana.



### A Tale of the Telephone

"Are you there?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Who are you, please?"  
 "Watt's my name."  
 "Yes, what's your name?"  
 "I say my name is Watt."  
 "Oh, well, I'm coming to see you tonight."  
 "All right. Are you Jones?"  
 "No, I'm Knott."  
 "Who are you, then?"  
 "I'm Knott."  
 "Will you tell me your name, please?"  
 "Will Knott."  
 "Why won't you?"  
 "I say my name is William Knott."  
 "Oh, I beg your pardon."  
 "Then you will be in tonight?"  
 "Certainly, Knott."

And now Knott wants to know whether Watt will be in or not.



### Isn't It Queer?

When the English tongue we speak,  
 Why is "break" not rhymed with  
 "freak?"  
 Will you tell me why it's true we say "sew"  
 and likewise "few?"  
 And the maker of a verse  
 Cannot cap his "horse" with "worse?"  
 "Beard" sounds not the same as "heard."  
 "Cord" is different from "word."  
 "Cow" is cow but "low" is low;  
 "Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe."  
 Think of "hose" and "close" and "lose."  
 And of "goose" and yet of "choose."  
 Think of "Comb" and "tomb" and  
 "bomb."  
 "Doll" and "roll" and "home" and "some."  
 And since "pay" is rhymed with "say"  
 Why not "paid" with "said" I pray?  
 We have "blood" and "food" and "good,"  
 "Mould" is not pronounced like "could"  
 Wherefore "done," but "gone" and "lone?"  
 Is there any reason known?  
 And, in short, it seems to me.  
 Sounds and letters disagree.

### What They Are Doing

In looking over our alumni, the staff correspondent was surprised to find what numerous things they were doing. Below we have given you a few illustrations taking for examples those individuals with whom you are all acquainted.

At Butler we find a great number of both the fair and the strong, among them, Howard Bates and Edna Koss, also Ted Campbell, Margaret Cook, Walter Shirley, Wilma Harrington, Bessie Hartly and Phil Brown, who was the captain of Butler's football team the past season.

At Indiana we have a fine representation in Annette Partlow, Alberta Granise, S. B. Van Arsdale and others too numerous to mention.

Wabash has claimed Trent McMath and Hanover sends us word that Howard Brydon makes an excellent yell leader for the freshmen; while at De Pauw we find Kathryn Wilhelm and Jimmy Maxwell.

Illinois has managed to coax Clarence Drayer and Kenneth Dynes, two of Tech's All-American basketball players, to leave the good old Hoosier State and go west to the university of the Sucker State.

We have just received word from the University of Cincinnati that Robert Hynes and Charles Bridges are often seen conversing in the halls about the good old times at Tech. Sometimes, between classes, they are joined by John Sterling and we have another example of "We Three".

Married—'nuff said.

The bonds of holy matrimony have encircled, entwined, twisted about, or otherwise claimed Lucile Eberhardt and Newell Green who are now "two minds with but a single thought;" Clarence Gale, Margaret Fleischman, June Larrison, Marjorie Barnhill, Ralph Reidy, Mary Hale, and Nellie Mollinkopp.

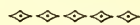
Purdue proudly points to Russell McMannis, Wayne Liddil, Forest Denny, Ralph Pike, Harry Woodsmall, Raymond Holtman and Marcus Warrrender.

Among those who branched out into business we find Grace Hoffman, Herbert Limpus, Charles Fettes, Fern Righthouse, Inez Dickerson and Sterling Driskell. Dudley Chambers is now a draftsman in the employ of Reed and Glosser of this city, and Elizabeth McMath is attending Central Business College learning how to play on the typewriter.

And last of all comes a list of those who loved dear old Tech too much to leave her and have come back for another semester. This group includes such notable personages as,

Robert Blessing, Mary McMeans, May Meyers and Margaret Lowes.

To all, Tech sends her best wishes; with the alumni already as large as that of an older school and ever increasing, it is becoming harder to keep track of one alumnus. Therefore, to each and every alumnus Technical extends a hearty invitation to visit her; you will still find many of your old friends here and if you don't it will pay you to make friends of these who are now attending the greatest, best, and most beautiful high school in the Ohio River Valley.



### R. O. T. C.

This year the R. O. T. C. started out more fully equipped than ever before. Because of the summer R. O. T. C. camp at Camp Custer there were a large number of boys who had had a good start in this line of work and who were ready to fill the positions of student officers. The storeroom had been moved to the Magazine so there was much more room in the Armory. When the uniforms arrived another agreeable surprise was in store for the corps. Not only were all the uniforms new but they fitted much better than those of last year. This caused the spirit of the companies to run high and the boys to take pride in their appearance.

Their first public appearance for this year was at the football victory celebration. At this time they proved to the citizens of Indianapolis that there were 1500 boys who really were taking military training at Tech.

The corps has been exceptionally fortunate in having excellent government instructors; men who not only try to help in their official capacity but also who show an interest in the school itself and all of its activities. Much of the praise given Tech's unit should be attributed to those officers under whose effort Tech's R. O. T. C. has become one of the best trained in the country.

It is the purpose of the R. O. T. C. to provide an all round system of training for high school boys. Thus, careful physical examinations of all of the boys have been made and several days each week rigid lessons in physical training have been given.

The R. O. T. C. tends to produce boys who are ready to step into the business world equipped with good health, self-assurance, and an abundance of manliness. If the Tech boys are closely observed, it will be seen that they are living up to the highest standards set by any military unit and are developing into live, wide-awake American citizens.





## Pinafore

### Tech's First Comic Opera

Great success marked Tech's first appearance in a new field. So great a hit was made by the Opera Club Friday night, December tenth, when they presented Gilbert and Sullivan's famous comic opera "Pinafore" at the Masonic Temple, that an encore was demanded for each musical number.

Culasa Kinnaman as Josephine gave a very satisfying presentation of a love sick maiden torn between her true love and the family pride. Iris Hopper singing "I'm Called little Buttercup" was the hit of the opera. Laura Fessler had no opportunity to exhibit her acting or singing to any extent but in her powdered wig and charming dressing gown she made a suitable picture.

Morrison Davis played the part of Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, pompous and bigoted, with easy naturalness, and Harry Chambers, as Ralph Rackstraw the lover, looked every inch a gallant sailor in his white middy suit and cocky hat. Yale Raymond in the role of a villainous comedian made a big hit with his deep bass voice while John Tribby, in gold lace and blue uniform, gave a good interpretation of a dashing sea captain with Arnold Shultz as his boatswain.

The work of the rest of the cast which comprised the chorus was splendid, the action was snappy and smooth.

Between the acts the male quartet composed of Yale Raymond, Arnold Shultz, Parker Burns and Kenneth Thorne gave several selections and Miss Abbett's class in interpretive dancing entertained the audience with a "Sailor's Hornpipe".

Success of this enterprise is credited to

several agents; first to Mr. Frank Percival under whose direction the production was given and who devoted much of his time to making the opera what it was; second, to Chelsea Stewart who made the scenery, real works of art; and last, to the class in commercial advertising under Dwight C. Park for the splendid way in which they put the information across.



### Captain Kidd, Jr.

The one thing for which the school will remember the January '21 Seniors, if for nothing else, is the excellent way in which they gave their class play, Captain Kidd, Jr., at the Murat Theatre, January tenth, to the largest audience that ever witnessed a Senior class play. The success of this enterprise is due first of all to the untiring efforts of stage manager Farman; credit is also given to Mr. Park's advertising class, whose extensive advertising campaign was responsible for the sale of practically every seat in the house; but above all, unlimited praise is due the Cast for enacting the play itself.

#### THE CAST

MARY.....	Minna Margaret Lauter
JIM ANDERSON.....	William Hackmeyer
MAC TAVISH.....	Fort J. Koons
MARIAN.....	Altha Cook
WILLIAM CARLETON.....	Elbert G. Stow
BRENT, A LAWYER.....	Stephen Badger
THE EXPRESSMAN.....	Raymond Harris
GRAYSON, A FISH PACKER,...	Leonard Earhart
LEM, A FARMER.....	Samuel Ashby
LUELLA, HIS WIFE.....	Alberta Keppler
THE CONSTABLE.....	Thomas Leonard
HIS ASSISTANT....	John Tribby, Paul Tiece
SURVEYORS.....	Howard Feiber, Carle Zollner



GREAT PREPARATIONS FOR OUR NEW SHOPS.



GUARD HOUSE VICTIMS



THE CANNON PRINTERS



OUR HONORABLE  
OFFICE FORCE



CANNON DAY



OUR DEAN OF WOMEN



TECH'S TRAIN



THE NEW ATHLETIC FIELD



A FUTURE TECHONIAN



THE AUTO LINE





Great interest shown in the care of the rifle and the use of it on the target range resulted in many good shots by the Indianapolis men.

(1) Good scores were a matter of practice on the 100 yard rapid fire, ten shots in sixty seconds.

(2) Most good shots showed up on the 500 yard range where it took time and accuracy along with patience to make a good score.

(3) It was discovered that the afternoons were longest and hottest in the arget pits where t argets were marked up.

## This and That at Camp Custer

(4) "Do anything" was our duty at Gull Lake during the Fourth. This shows the "blanket toss" a favorite sport before meal time.

(5) There were very few who felt that their time had been wasted at Custer and all hated to see the last day arrive.

(6) Games were a part of the physical training every afternoon. This shows a game of push ball won by Indianapolis over Cleveland.

Every cadet who went to Camp Custer came back a stronger and a more active boy, with the valuable training received from the best officers of the United States Army.





## The Arsenal Cannon

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### MAGAZINE STAFF

Editor-in Chief.....Fort J. Koons  
Assistant editor.....Elbert Stow  
Athletics.....Bruce Sillery, Harold Van Bussum  
Exchanges.....Thomas Omelvena, Warren Fawcett  
Business Manager.....Alvin Light

#### Reporters.

Zenda Bertram, Hazel Meier, Margart Markey, Karl  
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### ADVISERS

Art.....Mr. Fredrick Polley  
Editorial.....Miss Ella Sengenberger  
Business.....Mr. Edward E. Greene

Indianapolis, Ind., January 17, 1921

## We Bid You Farewell

The Graduating Class of January, Nineteen Twenty One, which entered the welcoming realms of the Arsenal Technical Schools four years ago has completed an epoch of varying incidents, of accomplishment, with more or less success.

During this period much constructive work has been done by this energetic group of people; many difficult problems have been overcome; the helpful hand has ever been extended to those fellow-classmen who needed guidance in clearing away their snags in the pathway to knowledge.

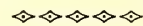
And uppermost in the minds of this class when accomplishing a certain task has been the desire to prove worthy examples for the under-classmen who look to them for inspiration.

And their reward has been the sincere spirit of friendliness which these under-classmen have expressed toward them. And they have recog-

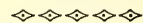
nized this existing condition and have reflected it in the aid which they have given so willingly and so freely to the strivers.

The departure of the January '21 Class is significant of two very big things; it means that the Arsenal Technical Schools have given another group of Techonians efficient in many lines, to the public, to aid in carrying on its great work; and second, it means that room will be made at the top for the successive group which will soon be known as the Senior Class—a class with high ideals, countless plans, and boundless opportunities for making this, our Tech, still greater.

With a broad, good, sportsmanlike smile the Jan. '21 Seniors look forward with a slight feeling of trepidation to the new experiences which they are to encounter, and although they relinquish with sorrow, to the class of June '21, their Alma Mater, they are gladdened by the knowledge that they are trusting it to such a worthy class.



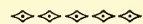
A man has to be mighty ignorant when he gets so he imagines that he knows all there is to know.



The CANNON Staff wishes to extend its appreciation, first to the vocational printing class under Mr. Chappell, for their splendid co-operation with the staff in being ready, at all times to aid in having the CANNON appear per schedule and in its usual, well recognized good form.

Second, to Miss Shover's News English Class, for the interesting articles which they furnished.

And third, to Mr. Polley's Commercial Art Class for the original and appropriate headings which they have submitted for the regular issues, and for the exceptional illustrations in the magazine.



You won't get anywhere by pretending that you are better than you are. You must convince people that you are better than they are.



### PEP

Vigor, vitality, vim, and punch—  
 That's pep  
 The courage to act on a sudden hunch—  
 That's pep!  
 The nerve to tackle the hardest thing,  
 With feet that climb, and hands that cling  
 And a heart that never forgets to sing—  
 That's pep!  
 Sand and grit in a concrete base—  
 That's pep!  
 Friendly smile on an honest face—  
 That's pep!  
 The spirit that helps when another's down,  
 That's pep!  
 To say "I will"—for you know you can—  
 That's pep!  
 To meet each thundering knock-out blow  
 And come back with a laugh, because you  
 know  
 You'll get the best of the complete show—  
 THAT'S PEP.

### It Is Not Easy

To apologize,  
 To begin over,  
 To be unselfish,  
 To take advice,  
 To admit error,  
 To face a sneer,  
 To be charitable,  
 To keep on trying,  
 To be considerate,  
 To avoid mistakes,  
 To endure success,  
 To keep out of the rut,  
 To profit by mistakes,  
 To think and then act,  
 To forgive and forget,  
 To make the best of little,  
 To subdue an unruly temper,  
 To maintain a high standard,  
 To shoulder a deserved blame,  
 To recognize the silver lining—  
 But it always pays.



The Cannon Staff

# Organizations



## The Orchestra

The orchestra, under the direction of Miss Kaltz, has met the ninth period on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of each week during the semester and has made progress rapidly.

Individual instructions have been given the ninth period on Fridays.

During the term the orchestra played in auditorium exercises. Some of its members were chosen to play for "Pinafore", which was given by the Opera Club under the direction of Mr. Percival.

A splendid spirit exists among the members of the orchestra. They are first, last, and always for TECH.

## Girls Glee Club

The Girls Glee Club with Miss Kaltz as its leader, has had a most interesting and successful term. It has met every Monday during the ninth and tenth hours in Room 65. Not all the time has been given to hard work for there have been many good times. The first of the semester the club gave a "get acquainted" party which greatly increased good fellowship. This was followed by several more delightful parties, all of which were held at the regular rehearsal time. As yet the club has not made its public appearance but it is working on a cantata "Spring Rapture" which will be presented sometime next spring.

## The Opera Club

This year a new field has been opened in music as well as in athletics. The Tech Opera Club was organized at the beginning of the term. They elected Yale Raymond, president and Laura Fessler, Secretary. It is a real club with pins an' everthing, in spite of the fact that it is also a full credit subject. This last term the work of the Opera Club has been to produce Sullivan's great Comic-Opera Pinafore. It was presented on December the tenth before an enthusiastic audience at the

Masonic Temple. Under the direction of Mr. Percival the club has been a big success. Next term the work will be fully as interesting, so every one is encouraged to try out for the Tech Opera Club.

## The Boys Glee Club

The Boys Glee Club, under Mr. Percival, has been very well organized this semester. The officers which were elected by the members, were: Morrison Davis, President, Arnold Shultz, secretary and treasurer, and Myron Hopper, librarian.

The club contained about twenty-four members who worked on a regular course of music for male voices and part singing. In connection with the Glee Club the members developed a quartette with Parker Burns as first tenor; Clifford Thorne, second tenor; Arnold Shultz, baritone; and Yale Raymond, bass.

Although the club worked only on Mondays, they progressed rapidly, the members having shown a deep interest in their work. They made few public appearances, but we may expect entertainments from them in the future.

## Our Band

The band under the direction of Mr. Percival has had a brilliant season. What would we have done at the football games without their spirited playing? We especially remember at the Tech-Shortridge game, the clever impersonation, by Drum major John Berry, of the Shortridge Drum major who was in turn mimicking the "Peacock of the Navy." Just a word of warning: Don't get so chesty that you can't see your feet.

The band was also very much in evidence during the parade and at the presentation of the CUP, where the rolling of the drum supplemented our feeble (?) yelling!

## The Science Club

Another organization at which we proudly point is the Science Club. Organized under the supervision of Mr. Charles Brosy of the Physics department, the club undertook to bring up for discussion at its bi-weekly meetings topics of scientific interest to the members of the organization. Garrett Bates was elected president; Howard White, vice-president; and Richard Smith, secretary and treasurer. The meetings were held every alternate Thursday. Membership is extended to any student having completed one year of any science.



## The Junior Drama League

Another successful milestone has been passed by the Junior Drama League under the able leadership of Miss Kletzing. With such competent officers as Garrett Bates, president; Minna Margaret Lauter, vice-president; and Pauline Gallatly, secretary and treasurer, it is no wonder that a great deal was accomplished.

The first meetings were devoted to the study and discussion of the Pilgrim Tercentenary. Many interesting programs concerning this subject were enjoyed by all members. The final activity for this division of work was the presentation of "The Courtship of Miles Standish." The play with June Hefner as Priscilla, Sherman Jones as Miles Standish, and John Evans as John Alden was executed in a highly commendable manner.

The rest of the semester was devoted to the study of American plays

## The Wireless Club

Under the direction of Mr. Markus the wireless club has been well organized. A permanent aerial has been erected and all necessary equipment has been purchased. Very interesting meetings have been held every Tuesday night during the semester. Practice is brought about by having one member send messages which the others receive. On the night of the presidential election all returns were received. At present the club boasts of twenty members. Due to the fact that the opportunity to belong to this club is open to any Tech student the membership goal has been placed for fifty. Mr. Markus hopes that by June every member will be a licensed operator.

## The Coming of Spring

Strange, how the coming of spring which is as old as the world itself, always seems new. We look forward to it from the time when the first snows begin to fall. Along in March or April when the ground begins to thaw, and the crocuses peep out from among their leaves, we have a feeling of intense joy. Our steps become a little quicker, and we have a longing to fling away all cares and dance with the flowers.

Each year, always in the same order, come the violets, tulips, hyacinths and narcissus mingling their bright faces with the fresh, green grass. We view the budding trees with something very like awe, as if we had never before witnessed this magic process.

With the first bright day, tops and marbles are once more seen, and sleds and roller skates exchange places. Oh, but it's good to be alive!

Genevieve Stumpf

## January Seniors, Attention!

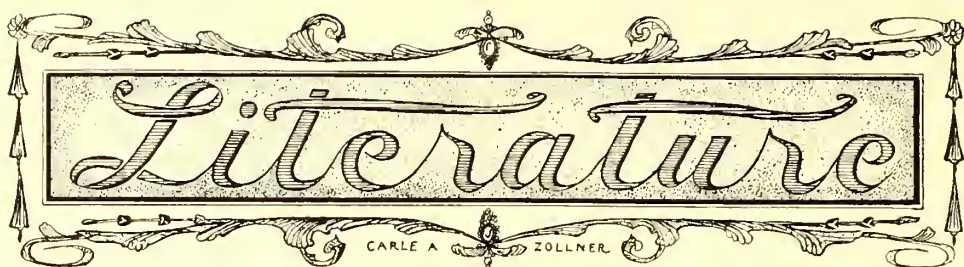
In a few days many of you will be leaving Tech for the last time. Then no more will you be in touch with the activities of the Green and White unless you are a subscriber to the CANNON.

For this reason the Staff has made arrangements for a mailing department. This means that subscribers may receive the CANNON by mail. Is not this opportunity well worth taking advantage of?

Mail subscriptions for next term's CANNON will be taken at the CANNON office from now on. Next semester's paper will consist of sixteen regular numbers and a magazine number. The subscription rate will be \$1.00 including postage. Think of it! Seventeen great big sparkling numbers of the CANNON by mail for \$1.00

It is the sincere belief of the Staff that every January Senior should take advantage of this unusual offer. We advise you to hand in your mail subscription to the CANNON.

## At Once!



## Miss Bubbles

"Ole Maid! Ole Maid!" were the shouts of the school boys as they leaped and jumped in the air, tumbling and grimacing.

"Ye Boys! Ye Boys! I'll turn ye o'er to the sheriff I will! I will!" shrieked a tall, very slim old lady. "Ye pesterin' imps—I'll—." But her words were drowned out by the cry,

"Ole maid Bubbles and 'er cat. Jist wait—we'll kill 'im next time, ole maid."

Miss Bubbles hugged a shaggy gray cat to her bosom, the animal giving out faint meows. It's fur was in an impossible condition, and it was attempting to bite a string from its tail—in vain.

"Pore Jimmie cat, pore Jimmy," she whispered pityingly as she turned to go into the house. "We'll fix 'em, we will, won't we?"

The injured Jimmie cat was fed to her heart's content, and some dared say, that Miss Bubbles used her own comb and brush to keep the cat's fur in order. But we have no proof of the report.

Miss Bubbles lived a lonely secluded life with her Jimmie cat in a little drab-colored cottage on the outskirts of town, and a secluded life it was.

Housewives ignored her completely, gossips found her of little interest to their burning tongues. Small girls ran past the house in terror, for some hinted that by looking at you she could enchant you, and in her cellar were "awful" things. But boys found her very palatable to their hungry desire for mischief.

She was commonly titled "ole maid" by every one, and thus our Miss Bubbles found life very unhappy.

It was one of those cold winter nights that the universe was turned for Miss Bubbles.

"Jimmiecat, it's going to be a turrible night, it is," said Miss Bubbles taking off her spectacles to get a better view of the storm on the outside. Jimmiecat blinked comfortably on her cushion before the fire and cared not a farthing for the snow storm or "turrible" bad night.

"Twill drift awful, I fear," she remarked as she tucked a rug up close to the door, to keep out adventurous drafts, and threw more wood on the fire.

Outside things grew worse, the storm raged, the heartless wind played havoc with everything. Shutters banged, and the night was dark and desolate.

Miss Bubbles sat before the fire, trying to read, but the howling of the wind was all she could think of. It grew later and darker, and she laid her head back, and was taking "forty winks," as she explained to Jimmie cat, when suddenly she jumped up. "What was that?" she whispered hoarsely. She went over to the window and, lifting the sash, peered out.

"Taint nothin, I tole you so, Jimme cat, jist my nerves, that's all." She sat down again, but did not try to sleep, feeling anxious and uneasy, and poked the fire impatiently.

"Jimmiecat, what's the matter with me? Seems as if I hears somethin', though tain't exactly that, but I feel it. Cryin' or somethin' unusual. My nerves though—I jist know."

But nevertheless she arose and went over to the door, and listened.

"I gotta see and gotta know," she cried suddenly, fumbling with the knob, and soon opened the door. The wind and snow blew in her face with such force that it blinded her for a moment. She choked, but drawing her shawl tighter, stepped out boldly.

Yes, there was something or some-one out by the gate, crying. Miss Bubbles hesitated. It might be some mischievous boys. But surely not on such a night as this. She stepped from the porch in a determined manner, defying the storm which beat in her face, and the coarse, rasping wind that wrapped her skirts about her feet, making walking almost an impossibility. She opened the gate after a battle with the obstinate snow which had packed itself comfortably against it, and lo—! there at her feet, half buried in snow, lay a small whimpering boy.

"Maria! Maria!" he moaned.

"Maria nothin'," said Miss Bubbles picking him up tenderly, despite her gruff voice, which was to hide her real feelings.

He clung to her desperately, still whispering in a choked voice, "Maria! my Maria, I'a cold."



Miss Bubbles pressed him close to her fast beating heart and struggled back to the door.

Jimmiecat looking out inquiringly, rubbed against her mistress lovingly, when she entered.

"Jimmiecat, quit yer hinderin' me, I say," muttered Miss Bubbles ungratefully. She deposited her burden on the bed, despite the condition of his clothes, and took from the ragged little urchin a wet scarf, and sweater, and felt a great sob arise in her throat as she pulled, from the little frozen feet, soleless shoes.

"Why, yer a dago, hain't you?" asked Miss Bubbles stepping dack and regarding his shock of black hair and large sad dark eyes, excitedly. "Now! now! don't cry. Jist wait till I fixes ya a bite to eat." She forgot about the "bite to eat" until she had him clean and fresh, and in a night dress of her own, sitting before the fire.

"What, ya still cryin'?" She asked anxiously, as he refused the proffered bread and milk, but buried his head in his arms, and sobbed at her brokenly.

"Come! Come now!" she said soothingly, "Yer all right." She gathered him into her arms, and rocked until the sobs ceased.

"Now little fellow, tell me yer name and who Maria is." He tried to smile, but his eyes still swam in tears.

"Raphelia me name—Maria dyda, gonna mudder Mary-y and Jesua." His lips trembled, but seeing her slight frown, went on bravely, "I liva Maria, she-a-my sister. She-a-tella me go'a cop stashun, when she gona mudder Mary. But-me hunta Maria all over where mudder Mary and Jesua is."

"Have you no mother or father?" eagerly.

"Mudder Mary, padder God way up with Maria—." He buried his head in her bosom a miserable little bunch of humanity.

"All right Raffy ya' eat now, like a good boy, and go to sleep." He ate the simple meal greedily, then lay back like a contented kitten in Miss Bubbles' arms, and was soon asleep.

She sat long rocking him and trying to think, should she keep him or not. He was so beautiful and sweet—and homeless, no doubt—but!—What would the neighbors say? Miss Bubbles could not argue with scruples, and conscience was fast becoming victor. She arose now as it was very late, and tiptoed slowly to the bed, and lay Raphelia down. She tucked the covers around him protectingly, and suddenly following a strange impulse, bent down and touched his rosy lips quickly. We do not know for sure, but we think tears sprang to the woman's eyes, and surely the tender little carress, must have been the cause.

"Now for investigation," she sighed, picking up the little patched trousers gingerly and going through the pockets.

"Ah! something!" she whispered. It proved to be a crumbled note, pinned to the lining. With a trembling hand she opened it and read:

"To some one:

I fraid I dya' soon, as vere sick. But pl'se somebody take Raphelia and lova him. His mudder and padder are dyda. I'a hes sester. He very much pore, but of good blood. No uther 'lations, all dyda. My brudder is just five year—

Maria Lodma."

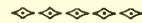
Miss Bubbles reread the note many times, and tears blotted some of the letters on the page. She turned toward the little slumberer, and fell on her knees by the bed, and drew his head close to her heart.

"My little Rafty, my little boy." Jimmie cat came over after a stubborn neglected silence and rubbed against her side.

"Oh Jimmie cat, I'm so happy, jist so happy," she breathed in a half whisper.

So—ends the story of Miss Bubbles' commonly titled "Ole Maid."

Helen Zapp



### Minor Frictions of a Rainy Day.

Speaking of minor frictions, have you ever tried on a rainy morning (especially if you live on the Michigan car line) to get to school on time? Regardless of how early I am ready, no car comes for what seems ages, and I usually manage to be tardy. Upon going for a tardy slip I am informed that I should leave earlier on rainy mornings, for the cars are always late. In vain do I plead that I did leave earlier than usual.

And then, too, there is the joy of changing classes. It is very nice to get out into the fresh air in fair weather. But in wet weather! Our sidewalks (?) are crowded with hurrying students carrying umbrellas and for some reason everybody's umbrella seems to bump into mine. These same umbrellas are quite a nuisance in the classrooms. They will fall on the floor, in spite of all that is done to prevent them from doing so.

The walk from the barn to the barracks is certainly a pleasure. There is a young river right across the path, to say nothing of the mud. My motto since I have been going to Tech is "Why Have Your Shoes Shined?"

Genevieve Stump

### Only A Dream

Johnny looked disconsolate; all chances of a set of thrilling new war stories which he had expected for his birthday, were gone. "C" in Latin and English, with "B" in Mathematics and shop, looked pretty discouraging for, you see, good marks were required before a person could receive a perfectly good present. No books and gee! No chance to lunch with Dad down town! Two wonderful dreams of his life faded away with the last "A's."

All the way home he mused over his failure. His chums stared at him in wonder and surprise to think that a little thing like poor marks should trouble him. Unheard of, indeed!

When Johnny reached home he piled his books on the study table and went in search of his mother. He found her in the kitchen giving orders to Bridget.

"Mother," he said. "Here's my report card."

"Has it good news for Dad and me this month, son?"

Johnny swallowed a lump in his throat and stuttered, "N-n-not very."

His mother glanced over the card; it certainly was not encouraging.

"Why Johnny, I'm surprised. What will Dad say? You certainly do read too much. I'm afraid you shall have to take the consequences."

Johnny reflected, that night as he lay in bed that there were mighty few things for which a fellow didn't have to take the consequence, if he wanted to have a good time. To forfeit a set of books was mighty hard on a fellow. Treasure Island may look like Elementary Latin but it didn't have synopses of verbs in it. Mother had no suspicion but teacher did and the result of her calculation was "C." After all, it hadn't paid as well as he thought it would. Treasure Island is great, but it wasn't written to be read when a person was supposed to be studying Latin.

Johnny had been asleep a long time when he was awakened by loud shouting. He slowly opened his eyes to behold a great mass of tiny people standing on and about his bed. At the foot of the bed stood one of these small people whom Johnny recognized as "Wells and Hart's High School Algebra." In his hand Algebra held a small book marked, "Wedding Ceremonies in Studyland."

Then slowly down the center of the bed marched a small figure marked, "Note book." After it came two figures in trailing white. On their backs in plain lettering were the words, "Book List, English I and II." After them came "Elementary Latin" bravely attired in

Red and Gold, and leading by the hand "Lewis and Hoscic's English Grammar."

Following the wedding party came a crowd of people among whom Johnny saw "Mid-Summer Night's Dream," "Moulton's Short Stories," "Geometry I" and many others. They were all carefully dressed, but they could not hide the hideous caricatures and the many initials which some careless boy or girl had marked on them. Johnny recognized his own much-abused algebra, and burned with shame when some one remarked about its bad appearance. The signs of wear were not from study, Johnny Straight knew only too well.

Then the wedding ceremony began.

"Does Johnny learn his lessons well?" asked the preacher Algebra.

"He doesn't," answered Latin.

"Will you see that he does?" asked Algebra.

"I will," replied English.

"If he doesn't, I shall pronounce a terrible sentence. Now, do you two undertake this mission through health, sickness, calamity and all things that so concern you in any way?"

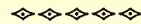
"We do," said Latin and English.

"I now pronounce you fellow conspirators against the peace of Johnny Moriarity," solemnly spoke preacher Algebra.

Every one cheered, and Johnny felt suddenly uncomfortable as Algebra looked sternly at him, and all the company glared at him as they shouted at him, "Did you hear?"

Johnny had heard. Next month's report bore out this fact. Four A's looked mighty fine.

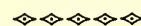
Reward: A dinner in town and a set of books.  
Barbara Fisher.



### The Harvest Moon

In the sombre stillness of night,  
A silvery orb sheds forth its light,  
Dispelling all gloom with brilliant glow,  
Shining radiant o'er all below.

As it shines serene o'er vale and hill,  
All inhabitants of earth are still,  
For they lie in perfect peaceful sleep,  
As the lady moon her watch does keep.  
Edith McLeod.



A duel was fought  
By Knott and Shott.  
Knott was shot  
And Shott was not.  
In that case I would  
Rather be Shott than Knott. -Exchange



## Tech's Minor Frictions

In the schools of the days gone by, the most noticeable kind of friction was that caused by the rules; although there are no ominous hickory rods hung over the doors here at Tech, the minor frictions certainly are not lacking.

Take, for instance, the simple little matter of tests. You come to school and your frame of mind is best pictured by an angel with flowing robes and all the rest of the heavenly equipment. And why this exalted feeling? Why, you've come to school with your lesson actually prepared. You may have been found lacking in this particular class for a week or so, but you are "all there" today and you undoubtedly feel the effect of the wonderful exertion of your brain. Then the teacher announces her intention of giving a test—"a tricky old surprise test" you say to yourself bitterly—and you hope your face does not QUITE express the way you feel.

Then there is another sort of minor friction that has no definite classification. You read and enjoy such interesting articles in magazines and then, when you come to class and find you have to write a theme about them or similar to them, you are basely guilty of wishing the articles had never been written.

Another kind of minor friction is the question of unappreciated virtue, effort, rather. You have labored long and diligently over some particularly trying math problems and you feel justly proud of the ability of your brain to cope with such tricky articles. You have written out the problems as your thoughtful teacher has requested and then—he decides not to collect them; being merely human you are very disappointed, to say the least, to think that your work has gone unnoticed—died a death unhonored and unsung.

Tech has a few irritating little qualities all its own. You start from home looking your freshest, your smartest, and although it is just a wee bit cloudy you really believe it will not rain. Then just between the third and fourth periods when you have to go from the Barn to the Guard House, it rains, and like Morton's table salt, it pours. You step daintily, informally, as Ring Lardner would say, into the mud puddles, and by the time you meet your friends you look as bedraggled as a wet hen.

However, these are merely minor frictions and, according to Frances Lester Warner, are necessary in the life of a big normal family. That is what Tech is, after all.

Mary Black

## Cobwebs

I

Cobwebs, Cobwebs, down there in the grass,  
Like a sparkling Fairyland  
You greet me as I pass.  
Glistening, glittering, smiling up at me,  
You seem to light  
The whole wide world  
With all your brilliancy.

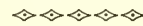
II

Cobwebs, Cobwebs, dainty, lacey things.  
Do Fairy maidens weave you?  
Tiny ones with wings?  
Gleaming, beaming, threads of silver hue,  
Oh how beautiful you are,  
Sprinkled with the dew.

III

Cobwebs, Cobwebs, spread like curtains  
small,  
From weed to weed, and blade to blade,  
Whether low or tall.  
Swinging, swaying, gently to and fro;  
Surely an ugly old spider,  
Could never have made you so!

—Helen Ogden



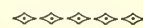
## Mud

Since the day the earth was formed, and since the first rain, there has been a sticky substance called mud. Mud is one of our best friends. It sticks with us no matter how hard we try to lose it. Not only in this way has it stayed by us, but in many other ways. When the settler built his cabin of logs he found that there were large cracks through which the cold air could enter. The only thing to fall back on in order to fill up the cracks was the greatest of natural resources, mud.

When he found it more convenient to live in a house somewhat elevated he found the best way to make the foundation was to seek his old friend, mud, in the form of clay which, when shaped into blocks and baked, would form a very good foundation.

If you would investigate further into the subject of mud seek the returned American doughboy as he will be able to tell you about mud as more of an enemy than a friend; yet, if it had not been for mud many things which went to-gether to help win the war, could never have come to pass.

Rextell West



Cannon subscription

75 cents

## Tech

House of Longings,  
 Full of Sadness,  
 Shades of Lovers,  
 Evening Twilight,  
 Scene of Tears,  
 Tryst of Ghosts,  
 House of Tech  
 Full of Tradition.  
 Don Carlisle.



## Thinking and Doing

If you think you can, you can.  
 If you think you will, you will.  
 Careless thinking is the bane  
 Of much in the world that's ill.

With high aim and constructive thought—  
 "Thoughts are things," you know—  
 You will find life's best is wrought,  
 And you will make things go.

Make yourself just what you will—  
 Back your work with thinking true,  
 Your mind will push you up the hill,  
 If you think right—and do.

Exchange



## A Toast To The Office.

Here's to the office so grim and so gray,  
 The home of tardies and part times for the  
 day.

'Tis the home of rectitude, too, they say,  
 Where the iron rule of justice has its sway,  
 And where only Mrs. Harrison has her way.  
 Is there a student who hasn't been there?  
 And the answer is plainly, Nay, Nay.  
 But when many long years have each sped past,  
 And when the dross of life is all consumed at  
 last,

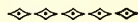
Our old school assumes a glorious hue,  
 And the Office, in this golden maze,  
 Shares its just and proper due.  
 And so, when we upon our honored school may  
 cogitate,

Let us, our deepest tribute to the office relegate.  
 Herbert Whelan.



Mother: Son, when that boy threw stones  
 at you why didn't you come back and tell me  
 instead of throwing back?

Son: Aw, Gee, Ma, what good would that  
 have done? You couldn't hit a signboard.



The minority is always in the right when you  
 happen to be in the minority.

## The Part-Time Getter

This would make Mary's eighth part-time  
 that year, that is, it would if she succeeded  
 in getting it. She just could not miss seeing  
 Douglas Fairbanks in the new picture at the  
 Alhambra.

So Mary made her way hurriedly to the  
 office and gasped her tale of woe to Mrs.  
 Harrison.

"Oh, Mrs. Harrison," moaned Mary. "My  
 tooth's simply killing me. I just have to go  
 to the dentist."

"Don't you think you can possibly go to  
 the rest of your classes?" asked Mrs. Harrison.  
 "I'm sure I never saw anyone before who  
 wanted to go to the dentist this bad."

"No, I simply can't stand it to go to another  
 class but maybe I had better go home first."

As soon as the last words slipped out of  
 her mouth, Mary could have bitten her tongue  
 off, for at the mention of home Mrs. Harrison  
 turned to the 'phone and asked Mary what her  
 number was. Mary's tongue cleaved to the  
 roof of her mouth, her knees shook, and her  
 face grew redder and redder as she falteringly  
 gave out the number.

After a three minute wait which was hours  
 of torture to Mary, Mrs. Harrison hung up  
 the receiver. Then Mary happened to think  
 that her mother had gone to the club that  
 afternoon and oh, how relieved she was. After  
 a few minutes of parleying she was given  
 her part-time and so she started joyously off  
 for town.

All went well; the show was simply splendid.  
 On her way out Mary was thinking how lucky  
 she was to have seen it when suddenly she  
 came face to face with some lady. Heavens,  
 could it be Mrs. Harrison or was she seeing  
 ghosts? No, it was Mrs. Harrison. Without  
 waiting to glance to the right or left Mary  
 made her way as quickly as possible down  
 the street.

Seeing Mrs. Harrison just when she was the  
 last person in the world Mary wished to see,  
 and knowing that Mrs. Harrison had seen her  
 certainly took the joy out of life. The pleasure  
 of the picture had vanished. Mary went home  
 a "sadder and a wiser" girl for she knew that  
 on the morrow she would have a summons to  
 the office.

Mona Hall



## MAKE

## THE CANNON

## BOOM NEXT SEMESTER.







Archie Erehart  
Football Coach

Fredrick Gorman  
Athletic Manager

Beryl Black  
Basketball Coach

## Athletic Cronology

### FOOTBALL

Sept. 7-Oct. 8. Training of our first football team by Coach Erehart of Indiana.

One hundred and sixty boys turned out for the new sport but only forty-two were kept in uniform and training during the season.

Oct. 8. Our first game and success in football over Kirklin, 31-7, at Irwin Field.

This game showed that our power lay in our offense which consisted of strong aerial attacks and a great variety of plays that made a good showing for beginners of the sport.

Oct. 16. A 17-0 defeat of the New Castle gridiron, that had not been scored upon this season, was the result of our second game played at New Castle.

More credit was given to our offense with Griggs showing some excellent toe work.

Oct. 29. Manual suffered this defeat of 24-13 with good behavior, at Irwin Field.

Our noted offense was too much for Manual's strong defense.

Nov. 5. We give Noblesville credit for playing the entire game that resulted in a score of 106-0.

The football fans were given a clear demonstration of our team's variety of plays and players.

Nov. 13. All good teams have an off day sooner or later as was shown by the defeat of our team by the brave Sheridan eleven 13-7, at Sheridan.

It seemed impossible for our boys to get

together and show them what we can do.

Nov. 24. It was not easy to finish our task as was shown by the close defeat of Shortridge, 7-3, that gave us claim to the silver cup.

Our playing was very weak in the first half, but strengthened in the third period after Screease made the sensational run of 60 yards for the winning points of the season.

### BASKETBALL

Nov. 19. The first basketball game of the season resulted in the defeat of our new team, 15-9, by Fortville on our gym.

Poor defense and basket shooting showed the inexperience of the team.

Nov. 24. Tipton caused our second loss by winning over our team, 21-12, at Tipton.

The failure to break through the Tipton defense held us to long range shots, most of which were unsuccessful.

Dec. 3. At Shelbyville our quintette lost its third game of the season, 33-12.

Christmas vacation. Things look brighter for the team. They win five of the seven games played, including the Brownsburg Tournament.

Tech 26 — Columbus 17

Bloomington 37 — Tech 18

Tech 26 — Pendleton 15

Logansport 31 — Tech 21

Tech 24 — Marion 9

Brownsburg Tournament.

Tech 18 — Advance 14

Tech 13 — Brownsburg 10

Jan. 8 Tech 17 — Bedford 16



## Those Whom WE Cannot Forget

Woolgar, left end.

Why? Because, as the lightest man on the team he played his position as a real football player, always down under punts ready to tackle the receiver.

It's not worth mentioning the number of plays that gained ground by way of the left end for "Bobby" was right there to see that more ground was lost than gained.

Baden and Parker, left guard and tackle, respectively.

Why? Because, these are the men who were responsible for the holes in the enemy's line which made it possible for the back field to receive the credit for the points. Many an attempt to score beyond the zone of these two warriors were failures, for the ball always touched the ground on the wrong side of the goal line.

Hodges, center.

Why? Because, all things have a center or they fail to exist and since our team existed, more responsible for the center than

? He was also the center of most of the roughness of the game but seldom failed to snap back the ball with accuracy. He formed the hub of the wheel.

Sweeney and Hungate, right guard and tackle, respectively.

Why? Because these men surely lived up to their names, "Fighting Sweeney," and "Hungry Hungate." Sweeney's ferocious craving to get the ball and Hungate's hungry desire to open up more territory for the back-field men made a winning combination.

Payne, right end, and Captain succeeding Nipper.

Why? Because no man ever made better use of his long legs to get down under passes and his long arms to reach them. Many who attempted to attack the right end misjudged the ground this boy could cover at one stretch and therefore failed to carry out his signals.

Screese, quarter back.

Why? Because he formed the brain work of a most successful team. He knew the powers of the team and where to use them. The speed with which he carried the oval 60 yards for the telling points of our championship game shows that it is not only his head that works fast but also his legs.

Graham, left half.

Why? Because he is the one who took the full advantages of each hole in the enemy's line and carried the ball for telling gains that lead to victory. His swiftness of foot caused many a tackle to miss his aim and grab for

air and then the ground.

Griggs, right half.

Why? Because we can hardly give too much credit to his excellent toe work and field running.

His punts always took his team far from the danger zone and the opponents usually received the ball at mid-field or beyond. Quite a few times the ball reached the goal line from placement at the beginning of halves. Scoring by place kicks was his favorite play in tight places. It was seldom his fault that forward passes became incomplete for they reached their point directly if not intercepted. His twisting, turning, and straight running made it a feat for any one player to down him after once he got started.

Updegraff, fullback.

Why? Because when he hit that line there was no line at all. It was usually the case that more than one man stopped him if stopped. His successful line plunging often gave him credit for the goal.

Nipper, playing left half and former captain but on account of injuries was unable to continue his fine playing. The team felt his loss for in placing his punts, few could compare with him.

Maxwell, the hefty left guard who seemed always to be in the way of the progress of the other team's ball.

Geiger, fullback, whose quality of playing is hard to distinguish from that of Updegraff. His line plunging accounted for more than one goal.

Watson, playing left tackle, whom it was hard to convince that the other team wanted to get through with the ball. He often wondered why men attempted to oppose his idea that he must make a hole for the backfield.

King, left tackle, was usually satisfied that it was not his fault that a signal was not carried out or that the opponent gained ground by way of his position.

## We Must Give Credit To:

Coach Erehart who has most successfully developed a champion football team out of a group of young athletes, fully inexperienced in the line of football and its training. He coached from experience as one of the star players written on the pages of the history of Indiana University Varsity Football.

Mr. Gorman who managed the playing of the games with great success and to the greatest advantage. Arranging the games and transporting the team along with the sale of the tickets was no easy job but these duties he



## Football Team, 1921

### The Marathon Races

Tech made a good showing this year in the Marathon cross-country races. Before the football games our thinly clad, braving the November breezes, started out for a two and one half mile run. The runners worked zealously for the victories and the awards which have been presented to them. Coach Black had much to do with these victories and the entire school congratulates him for the successful training.

The final standing is as follows:

	Points
1. Weedonhorn .....	37
2. Gross .....	18
3. Siler .....	17
4. Maxwell .....	16
5. Gray and Jeffry .....	15
6. Artist .....	11
7. Wilson .....	7
8. Gleason .....	5
9. Kirby and Woods .....	3
10. Sparks, Pierson, Kirby .....	2



### High School Grid Figures

	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Technical .....	5	1	.833
Manual .....	4	4	.500
Shortridge .....	2	4	.333

Points scored:

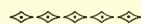
	Games.	By.	Against
Technical .....	6	192	36
Manual .....	8	90	48
Shortridge .....	6	120	76

### Final city series standing:

	Won.	Lost	Pct.
Technical .....	2	0	1.000
Manual .....	1	1	.500
Shortridge .....	0	2	.000

Points scores by and against in intra-Indianapolis high school games:

	Games.	By.	Against.
Technical .....	2	31	16
Manual .....	2	34	24
Shortridge .....	2	3	28



### The Bowling League

The Greens and Technicals, under the leadership of Mr. Anderson, have made a good showing as assailants of the pins this first season. The two teams were composed of players who had played previously.

Every Thursday afternoon at four o'clock at the Marion Club Alleys the six league teams met.

This is a new indoor sport which has entered into the three schools and it gives Tech another chance to prove its versatility.



### Girls Basketball

The girls' basket-ball season started with a boom. The interest manifested at the first meeting has rapidly increased, and from all appearances this season promises to be one of far greater importance than any other in the history of our school.

After a few weeks of practice Miss Vandiver, the coach, chose two major teams from the twenty upper classmen who reported. These teams practiced the eighth hour on Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday for a month. At the end of this time Miss Vandiver selected ten girls to constitute a team to play outside games. The girls who won the positions on the team are Helen Weibke, and Edith Ambuhl, forwards, Alice Hewitt and Dorothy Griggs, guards, Nellie Bloemhof, side center, and Miriam Garrison, Center. The substitutes are Maxine Tilford and Josephine Buening, forwards, Bernice Cain, side center, Wilma Mikesell, center,

The first game of the season was with the Deaf School. Miss Vandiver's splendid coaching was evident, when in spite of the fact that the girls were compelled to play under different rules, they won a decisive victory with a score 21-2. The most outstanding feature of the game was the guarding. Miss Howe is coaching freshmen who are about forty strong. They are showing up well, and promise some good material for the first and second teams next year.

The following headline was printed in the school notes of an Illinois school whose football team had been defeated in every game of the season:

"FEET-BAWL"  
"THE-OLD-OLD-STORY."

A big team + a big crowd = a big Victory.

All out for a whooping big basket-ball season.

### Our Football Trophy

Our first football season has brought to us the temporary ownership of a silver trophy which was the gift of the Indianapolis School Board. Each year the name of the Indianapolis victor will be engraved upon the cup and will be formally presented to the winning school a short time later.

This cup has added greatly to our present large collection and we hope it will choose Tech as its next season's care-taker.

### The Basket-Ball Squad

The fellows who made up our basket ball squad before the coming of the "regulars" certainly deserve a pat on the back. They played clean, straight-forward games and lack of practise was all that defeated them. In the Tipton game only one foul was called on them. This is a remarkable happening for a picked league team. These fellows will undoubtedly make up our next year's state team and judging from the spirit of those first three games we'll have some team.

### Fables in Slang

(Apologies to George Ade)

The Columbus Game or The Comeback.

The Green and White Aggregation was regarded as a Joke when it hit the Down State Burg. The Boys in the Village regarded it as Cattle for the Slaughter and Blew the Visitors to a Good Time before the Game in order that they might Put Up a Good Fight and not make it seem too Tame for the Home Team.

Comparative Scores meant nothing to the Capital City Youngsters however, and the court was the Scene of some Peppy Action. When the East Siders got into their Stride it looked like a Drive for Cannon Subscriptions, the Locals didn't have a Chance. We simply took the Wind out of their Sails and left the Wreck to Drift.

By Al.

Subscribe for the Cannon 16 issues &  
Magazine Seventy-five cents.

In days of old  
When knights were bold,  
They battled hard for dames.  
But that would be  
A nice pink tea  
Compared to football games.

### Don't Knock Your School

If you want to attend the right high school,  
A school you'll have to respect  
You need not slip your clothes in a grip,  
But stay right here at Ole' Tech.  
You'll never find what you left behind,  
For there's nothing that's really new.  
It's a knock at yourself when you knock your  
school.

It's not the school, it's YOU.

Floyd Davis

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### Wise and Otherwise

The editor works both night and day,  
Till the tips of his fingers are sore;  
But some one's certain to sneer and say,  
"That's stale—I've seen it before."

◆◆◆◆◆

Indignant Professor—"Quit this quibbling,  
sir. Who was Henry VIII? Answer Yes or no.  
Exchange

◆◆◆◆◆

A few days ago a farmer, after he had sold  
a pig to a neighbor, chanced to pass his place,  
and saw the little boy sitting on the edge of  
the pig pen watching its new occupant.

"How d'ye do, Johnny?" said he. "How's  
your pig to-day?"

"Oh! pretty well, thank you," replied the  
boy. "How's all your folks?" Exchange.

◆◆◆◆◆

"I see your arm is in a sling," said the in-  
quisitive passenger.

"Yes, sir," responded the other.

"Meet with an accident?"

"No, broke it patting myself on the back."

"Great Scott! what for?"

"For minding my own business."

◆◆◆◆◆

He: Did you ever read The Last Days of  
Pompey?"

She: Pompey! I never heard of him. Of  
what did he die?

He: I'm not quite sure; some sort of an  
eruption, I've heard.

◆◆◆◆◆

Little James: Yes'm, all the people in our  
family are animals.

Vistor: How do you figure that?

Little James: Cause mamma is a dear, and  
the baby's a little lamb, and I'm the kid and  
brother is the goat.

◆◆◆◆◆

### Helpful Hints for Halfwits

It takes more than canvas shoes and a Mona  
Lisa expression to make a genius.

Widow's peaks are in vogue again. (See N.  
Carter for further information.)

Wouldst have eyes like mine? Use "Low-  
browine". K-K-Katy N.

Special repairing done by me. I repair to  
the office daily, and would be glad to do yours  
for you. Harry Goldberg.

◆◆◆◆◆

One of our young co-eds was asked to sing in  
auditorium and amidst her blushes was barely  
able to say, "Aw, I can't, my hands are  
chapped."

Mr. Krickenberger wished the students in  
the geometry class to bring a string to recitation  
for the use of construction work on the board.  
He said, "I want all of you to bring a string to  
class tomorrow. The girls can bring it in  
their books and the boys in their pockets."

◆◆◆◆◆

### Book Report Day

Student: I read "The Last of the Moham-  
medans."

◆◆◆◆◆

"This," said he, "is the engine boiler."

"But why boil the engine?" said the sweet  
young thing.

"To make the engine tender," he answered  
gently.

◆◆◆◆◆

If it takes an elephant 10 minutes to put on  
a white vest, how many pancakes would it take  
to shingle a box car?

◆◆◆◆◆

### Great Discovery

It was recently discovered by a Physics I  
class that the density of the morning is in di-  
rect proportion to the loss of sleep the night  
before.

◆◆◆◆◆

A newspaper man named Fling  
Could make copy from any old thing  
But the copy he wrote  
Of a five dollar note  
Was so good he is now in Sing Sing.

◆◆◆◆◆

Teacher: "Analyze another word contain-  
ing the stem "graph".

Nathan Pritz: Updegraph.

Graph means write.

Up means colonel.

De means about.

Updegraph means write about a colonel.

◆◆◆◆◆

He: These motor clubs are a joke.

She: How is that?

He: They put up signs: "School-Go Slow."

◆◆◆◆◆

I'd rather be a Could Be,

If I could not be an Are,

For a Could Be is a Maybe

With a chance of touching par.

I'd rather be a Has Been,

Than a Might Have Been by far;

For a Might Have Been has never been,

But a Has was once an Are.

◆◆◆◆◆

The pupils in Literature VIII were studying  
about the early life of Hamilton. Mr. Winger  
deciding to add a few details to Hamilton's bio-  
graphy said, "Hamilton was born an orphan."



## A Going Ford

For sale:  
 One Ford car with piston rings;  
 Two rear wheels and one front spring,  
 Has no fenders, seats or plank,  
 Three years old, four in the spring,  
 Has shock absorbers 'n ever'thing.  
 Radiator busted, sure does leak,  
 Differential's dry, you can hear it squeak.  
 Ten spokes missing, front all bent,  
 Tires blowed out, aint worth a cent.  
 Gots lots of speed, will run like a moose,  
 Burns either gas or tobacco juice.  
 Tires all off, been run on the rim,  
 A pretty good find for the shape its in.

Exchange

Advice:-Jack up the gas lever and build a new  
 Ford under it.

◆◆◆◆◆

Teacher: Arthur, give me the principal parts  
 of pugno.

Arthur (Just waking up and asking his neighbor):  
 What was the word?

Neighbor: Darned if I know.

Arthur: Darnedifino, darnedifinare, darnedi-  
 finivi, darnedifinitus.

Teacher: Arthur, what are you conjugating?

Arthur: Darnedifino.

◆◆◆◆◆

For boys only!

(To be read backwards)

Didn't you if girl a be wouldn't you.

This read would you knew we.

◆◆◆◆◆

Swans die before they sing;

It would be no bad thing

If some of us could die

Before we learn to sing.

◆◆◆◆◆

## History Teachers, Notice

The following has, after much thought been  
 prepared by our educational experts as an ideal  
 examination in history. It consists of four  
 questions, which are so difficult that the  
 student should be required to answer only two

1. What two countries fought in the Spanish-  
 American war?

2. Of what nationality was Bismarck, the  
 great German statesman?

3. How long did the thirty year's war last?

4. In what country was the French revolu-  
 tion fought?

◆◆◆◆◆

Teacher: How does it come that all you  
 fellows in the third row got the same answer to  
 these problems?

Pupil: "Team work, sir, team work."

## The Psalm of Bad English

Bad English is my master; I shall not want  
 him.

He maketh me to sit down in recitations:  
 he leadeth me beside the ignorant.

He bothereth my soul: he leadeth me in the  
 paths of D's for his name 's sake.

Yea, when I walk upon the green carpet, I  
 will fear all evil: for thou art with me; thy rod  
 and thy staff, they punish me.

Thou preparest a language for me, in the pre-  
 sence of mine enemies: thou filleth my head  
 with slang, my mouth runneth over.

Surely Bad English shall follow me all the  
 the days of my life: and I will dwell in the  
 House of Failures forever.

Leonard Pearson

◆◆◆◆◆

My Caesar 'tis of thee  
 Short cut to lunacy

O'er thee I rave.

Another month or so

Of studying thee, I know

Will send me straight below

Down to my grave.

◆◆◆◆◆

## Oh! Beautiful Venus!

Have you seen our Tech Venus? I waited  
 two hours to get a close range view of her. I  
 got it, but you ain't heard nothing yet. I was  
 standing on the Arsenal steps and she was about  
 half way between the lunch room and the  
 Arsenal, and coming my way. I strolled out a  
 few feet and then began my wait. While I  
 waited for Venus to draw near two young trees  
 grew up and died of old age, and yet I waited.  
 I'm not sure that her name is Venus, or even  
 that she's that kind of a horse, but I do know  
 that she retains her poise better than any ani-  
 mal I ever saw, before or yet, since again.  
 Nothing her driver can say has any power to  
 perturb her in the least.

While Venus is a very lovely, not to say in-  
 spiring, creature, she has nothing on Althea, her  
 charming if somewhat aged companion, the  
 wagon.

Althea and Venus travel our campus day  
 after day, but after my wait the other morn I  
 shall never again worry about their being over-  
 worked. Oh! No! Leave it to Venus to stop  
 with the utmost placidity when she hears that  
 noon whistle.

◆◆◆◆◆

Student: How is your wife's cold, Mr. Phil-  
 lips?

Mr. Phillips: Fine, she can't talk above a  
 whisper.

## An Artist's Report on Repairing a Church in Belgium.

Renewed Heaven, adjusted two stars and cleaned the Moon. Embellished Pontius Pilate and put new ribbon in his bonnet. Put a new tail on the rooster of St. Peter and mended his comb. Replumed and gilded the left wing of the Guardian Angel. Washed the servant of the High Priest and put carmine on his cheek. Reanimated the flames of Purgatory and restored souls. Put a new tail on the Devil and mended his left hoof. Rebordered the robe of Herod and readjusted his wing. Put new spotted dashes on the son of Tobias and dressing on his sack. Cleaned the ears of Balaam's mule and shod him. Put ear-rings in the ears of Sarah. Put new stone in David's sling, enlarged the head of Goliath and extended his legs. Decorated Noah's ark. Mended the shirt of the Prodigal Son and cleaned his ears.

◆◆◆◆◆

Never tease a red headed girl about her hair—its too light a subject.

◆◆◆◆◆

Cop: Here, where did you steal that rug from?

Tramp: I didn't steal it. A lady gave it to me and told me to beat it.

◆◆◆◆◆

Teacher: Now, Robert, what plants flourish in excessive heat?

Bobby:—Ice plants.

◆◆◆◆◆

Colored Private talking to Captain—

Capt: Well, what can I do for you?

Private: Well, captain, I wants my presem-  
pation papers.

Capt: You mean your exemption papers.

Private: Presatly.

◆◆◆◆◆

## Sounds Natural

Paul Hodges: Got a penny?

Merill Bruning: Nice going, Jake.

John Conley: Is there anybody else now?

Leonard Earhart: I favor —

Helen Weyer: The car was late.

Bill Hackmeyer: Yea—I go to a dance every  
night now.

Lee Fox: Order [nuf sed]

Merlo Plumber: For the last time, I repeat,  
Dice are real wicked.

Dorothea Reisner: I was so excited.

Julian Davis: I think I'll move to Irvington.

Charles Murphy: Who said anything about  
Cox?

Morrison Davis: Hey, Boston.

I was over at my Aunt Kate's house t'other day, and say, ef Unkel Jawn's not jest the funniest man I ever knu. Grandma was there and was saying how she liked clocks so much because the ticks was so much company. Aunt Kate said that she would rather have a dog cause—well I don't remember why, but any way Unkel Jawn said, "Well, Kate, would you want the pup to have ticks?"

Turn over.

◆◆◆◆◆

Sam Ashby, (presiding at first June Senior Meeting): Yale Raymond has been elected president.

Dean Brossman: Let us pray.

◆◆◆◆◆

Pupil, in seventh hour guard house class reading theme: He had dark blue eyes planted firmly between his eyes.

◆◆◆◆◆

Mother: Johnny your hands are as white as snow.

Johnny: Yes, mother, but you ought to have seen them before I helped Bridget make the bread.

◆◆◆◆◆

"Now in case any thing goes wrong with this experiment," said the teacher of chemistry, "we and the laboratory will be blown sky high. Now, come a little closer, gentlemen, in order that you may follow me."

◆◆◆◆◆

Mother of Freshie: My, that girl of mine has gotten so high toned since she started to Tech; when she wants to speak of stale lard she calls it Ancient Greece.

◆◆◆◆◆

Teacher: When did the revival of learning take place?

(Voice from the rear): Before the first test.

◆◆◆◆◆

Boy: How much are your plums, Pete?

Pete: Twenty cents a peck.

Boy: What do you think I am, a bird?

◆◆◆◆◆

Teacher: What else did you like about the story?

Student: The girl.

◆◆◆◆◆

We wonder what has become of the freshie who admitted to a "tardy slip" teacher that it was his own fault that he was late to class.

◆◆◆◆◆

## The Sphinx

Consider the fish; He never gets caught as long as he keeps his mouth closed.



Eight Good "Tardy Slips" Excuses.  
By one who knows the "game."

1. The car was late.
2. Ran out of gasoline—rather wet.
3. Had to fire the furnace—rather hot.
4. Alarm clock had a cold.
5. Forgot my books and had to go back for them.
6. The car ran off the track.
7. Was so interested in my math lesson that I forgot to get off at the right corner.
8. Car went past without stopping.

Teacher: What is the plural of man?

Freshie: Men.

Teacher: Good! now what is the plural of child?

Freshie: Twins.

"John Fri"

Here's a lie,  
About John Fri,  
Who thot he'd tri,  
To go and fli,  
Up in the ski,  
But went too high,  
And gave a si,  
And fell like pi,  
And rather ni,  
Unto a spi,  
Who hit his i,  
O, just as sli,  
Which made him si,  
Again, and di,  
How he does li.

Teacher: George, what did you say?

George: Nothing.

Teacher: Of course, but how did you express it this time?

Many cadets did not realize how large their feet were until they found themselves unable to slide them thru their new army breeches.

"I'm trying to get back to me poor old mother" whined the tramp. "She ain't seen me face for ten long years."

"I believe you are telling the truth," muttered the old gentleman. "Why don't you wash it?"

### A Freshie's Version

Queen Elizabeth was very mannish. She was vain, conceited and always hopeful of compliments.

He Knew.

"At what place does ancient history begin, Johnny?"

"Page one, Ma'am."

### A Brief History of the U. S.

Columbus

Washington

Lincoln

Roosevelt

Ford!

### Class Stone.

Freshman: Emerald

Sophomore: Blarney Stone

Junior: Grind Stone

Senior: Tomb Stone

### Followed Orders

His relatives telegraphed the undertaker to make a wreath with the inscription "Rest in Peace" on both sides and (if there is room) "We Shall Meet in Heaven." The undertaker was out of town, and his new assistant handled the job. It was a startling floral piece which turned up at the funeral. The ribbon was extra wide and bore the inscription, "Rest in Peace on Both Sides and If There is Room We Shall Meet in Heaven."

### A Tech Student

After the Noblesville game when Mr. Gorman was paying the referee a small Freshie drew near. He gazed at the handful of dollar bills, his eyes bulged out and in awestruck tones, he inquired, "How much did you bet?"

### I'm the Guy.

I'm the guy that says "This here" for "this." Why shouldn't I?

I am a free born American citizen of the United States.

What do I care what the teachers preach about good and bad English.

That's their look-out, not mine.

If you care to listen to my speaking without correcting me, all right; if not, you need not listen to me.

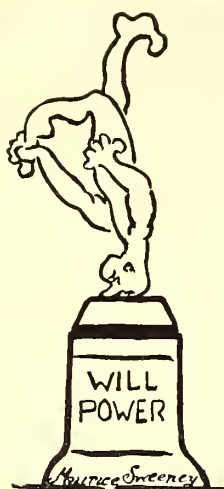
That's your worry, not mine.

You ought to be glad that I talk to you. If you don't like my phrases; that's up to you.

Don't bother me just for the sake of having me stop saying "This here" when I mean "This".

That's how I feel about it.

Amert Clifton.



### Use Your Head

A woodpecker pecked  
Out a great many specks  
Of sawdust  
When building a hut;  
He works like a nigger  
To make the hole bigger—  
He's sore if  
His cutter won't cut.  
He don't bother with plans  
Of cheap artisans,  
But there's one thing  
Can be rightly said:  
The whole excavation  
Has this explanation  
He builds it

Using His  
Head.

### Notwithstanding

Father: After he proposed to you, did you tell him to see me?

Daughter: Yes, father, and he said that he had seen you several times, but that he wants to marry me anyhow.

Little Nell told Anita what she termed a "little fib."

Anita: A fib is the same as a story, and a story is the same as a lie.

Nelly: No, it's not.

Anita: Yes it is, because my father said so, and he is a professor in a college.

Nelly: I don't care if he is, my father is an author, and he knows more about lying than your father.

Teacher: If I cut a beefsteak in two and then cut the halves in two what do I get?

Boy: Quarters.

Teacher: Good, and again?

Boy: Eighths,

Teacher: Correct again?

Boy: Sixteenths.

Teacher: Exactly and what then?

Boy: Thirty-Seconds.

Teacher: And once more?

Boy: Hamburg!

The teacher directed the class to write an essay on a mule; this is what she received: A mewl is hardier than a guse or a turkie. It has two legs to walk with, two more to kick with, and wears its wings on the side of its head.

Teacher: Now that you have read "Robinson Crusoe," tell me what kind of a man you think he was.

Boy: An acrobat

Teacher: How's that?

Boy: Because he said that after his day's work he sat down on his chest.

A man relating his travels: It was in India that I saw a man-eating tiger.

Boy: That's nothing. I once saw a man eating rabbit.

"Oh, the villian," he roared, gritting his teeth. "The cutter of joy. The stopper of all happiness. The rascal and robber of all peace. Never in this world will I forget her cruelty and forgive her for giving me a D."

Student.(Translating French): "We all have our good qualities."

Instructor: "Very true, but that isn't what it says here."

Miss Remy-(Study Hall): No one has permission to talk except those who have permission.

In a History II Class.

Teacher: What strip of land connects Arabia with Egypt?

Student: Er—a—the Red Sea.

Senior to freshie: What is the worst class to cut?

Freshie: I don't know.

Senior: Chorus.

Freshie: Why?

Senior: You would cause a lot of discom-